

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y. THURSDAY, AUG. 10, 1876.

NUMBER 32.

Day.

BY MISS MULOCK.

Every day has its dawn,
Its soft and silent eve,
Its noontide hours of bliss and bane—
Why should we grieve?
Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind
Each turning round a small sweet face,
As beautiful as near:
Because it is so small a face
We will not see it clear;
We will not clasp it as flies,
And kiss its lips and brow;
We will not bathe our wearied souls
In its delicious Now.
And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we would give our lives for it,
It never comes again.
Yet, every day has its dawn,
Its noontide and its eve;
Live while we live, giving God thanks,
He will not let us grieve.

BARBERY.

Maurice Oldfield a rising young physician, and a good-looking and agreeable man dismounted from horseback and stood on the pavement watching with such intense interest the office boy as that young gentleman climbed into the saddle for his five minutes' excursion to the stable, that Dick nearly tumbled over and off the saddle on the other side of the horse in his eagerness to acquire himself creditably, and finally rode away wrathfully muttering, "Ef you don't like my style, old man, you kin send me to ridin' school jest as soon as yer a mind ter." But, boy, horse and grievance passed before the eyes of the young doctor as though they had been things of naught; for he was deep in meditation after this wise:

"I dare say Mrs. Scott is right; at any rate she is one of my oldest friends and best patients, and as she says it is essential that I marry, I suppose it may be so. I can afford it well enough, too; but as for Miss Halstead or Minnie Warren, or any of the girls she named—even if they were silly enough to have me—and they are silly enough for most things—no, I want a right-down, sensible, good-hearted well-bred and well educated girl, not too young, say twenty-three or four years old, and—yes, I think I would like her to be pious a little. I'm far enough out of that track myself to want a little counter influence in the family. There now, there's a girl coming down the street who might be the future Mrs. Oldfield, and as I live, with a prayer-book in her hand. Ah, yes, that's a church."

And Dr. Oldfield, who had lived in Canfield street for more than five years, discovered for the first time that a quiet little brown-stone building upon the corner was an Episcopal chapel, and was open every evening at five o'clock for a vesper service.

The young lady whose appearance had so pleased him came quietly on, passed close beside him, giving ample opportunity for admiration of her smooth, light brown braids, clear pink-and-white complexion, pale blue eyes, and rather thin but well shaped mouth. Her figure, tall and slight, might have had a little more curve to it, but feet and hands were slender and elegantly clothed, and the gait and motion were dignified and modest.

As she passed our young sultan turned and looked approvingly at her.

"A very nice and lady-like girl," murmured he, "and I will make her acquaintance. Perhaps I might go to chapel too, for once in a way; I suppose it don't last a great while."

Slowly following and critically watching his bride-elect, Dr. Oldfield saw her slightly incline her head as she reached the chapel door, and out from the porch, as if in answer to the salutation, bounced the slight figure of a young girl, coquettishly although carefully dressed in a suit of crimson and black curiously compounded, her head covered or rather ornamented by a black velvet sailor hat, with a great bunch of barberries, set jauntily at the back and drooping down upon the shining, disheveled coil of black braided hair, almost too heavy for the little head that carried it. Dr. Oldfield, his mind being turned maidenward, examined this specimen also, rapidly yet critically. A figure too slight and undeveloped as yet for beauty, yet promising richness of contour suiting well its height; a dusky, creamy skin, beneath which came a warm glow like that of tropic roses; bright lips forever parting over gleaming teeth; great dark gray eyes, with long lashes, and straight brows of ink blackness; an infinite capacity for fun, for sauciness, for defiance, lurking in every curve and every glance, and every motion of the lithe, active body and restless eyes, and withal a suggestion of depths of sadness never yet sounded in the brief experience of that blithe young life, but waiting, waiting surely as waits the future.

Dr. Oldfield glanced disapprovingly at the sailor hat, the tumbling hair, the careless dress and one ungloved hand reddened by exposure to the frosty air, and said to himself:

"Now, there's just the kind of a girl I don't want. What a contrast she makes to the other—to my girl—let me see; Edith I think I'll call her till I know her name; and as for that barberry girl—"

"Walk in, sir. The sittings are all free in this chapel, and it's just going to begin," said the sexton in a friendly tone; and as Maurice thanked him and stepped into the porch the girls glanced round, Edith furtively and Barberty boldly, and the doctor's sharp eyes caught the whispered comments:

"A stranger. Nice looking, isn't he?"
"H'm! tolerable. Rather priggish; looks as if it would do him good to be put through a—"

The door softly closed between the speaker and auditor, and Dr. Oldfield seated himself in a pew near the door with the blood tingling unpleasantly in his ears.

"What a slangy, port little minx it is," thought he; and just then the two girls passed close beside him, and seated themselves a little in front. Following the service mechanically, Maurice never took his eyes from the slender forms before him, and marked with approval the exactness with which Edith followed the prescribed forms of her devotions, rising, kneeling, sitting just at the proper instant, joining modestly in the singing, and with a rather thin but high soprano, and inclining her head gracefully but not excessively as she repeated the creed with her eyes upon the book. Barberty sang also, but it was in a rich and rebellious contralto voice, swelling in moments of enthusiasm to a volume utterly drowning the treble of her companion, and at the caprice of the singer dying away altogether, while the saucy gray eyes wandered about the chapel, or fixed themselves in evident comment upon the figures of the little congregation, mostly of women. The palms not appearing to interest her specially, she neglected to turn the page or respond for some time, and then, rousing herself with a start, she hurriedly turned the leaf, and dropped the book with a loud noise; and picking it up pettishly, threw it upon the seat, and repeated the rest of the service verbatim, bowing so low as almost to kneel in the creed, and remaining upon her knees at the close of the service long after Edith had risen, and stood ready to pass out.

"Superstitious little monkey!" commented Dr. Oldfield. "In mischief all day long, I'll be bound, and thinks to make up for it by kneeling in everybody's way."

And quite annoyed that his Edith should be kept waiting for such nonsense, the young man passed out, and was speaking to the sexton, when the two girls came out through a side door; one stood in a niche of the porch near some stairs leading up to the gallery and the rector's study. A woman waiting by those stairs accosted them, with one of the murmured, whining stries so pitifully common, and so often false,

"Yes, I know, my good woman," interrupted Edith's calm voice, "but we can't do anything for you, but the rector will pass in a moment, and you can speak to him; we give our charities in that manner you know."

"Nonsense! Don't do any such thing," broke in a deeper, richer and less cultivated voice. "The rector has enough to attend to and more. Give me your address and you'll be seen to."

"Yes, by your going and asking the rector to attend to it, and his giving you money to help her in your own name," said Edith, sharply. "I don't believe in taking the credit of good deeds I don't do."

"Well! I like that!" ejaculated Barberty angrily; but Edith walked away without another word; and as the whining mendicant commenced her petition, Barberty caught sight of the doctor's attentive face, and roughly replied,

"I have nothing for you—nothing at all, and I don't believe that you are telling the truth; and you mustn't come worrying the rector. There, you'd better go."

The woman crept away without a word and Barberty, passing by Maurice to go out of the front door, met his look of disapproval with a swift glance of stormy defiance, and went on her way.

"Uncharitable, ill-tempered, and given to false pretences," summed up Maurice, following; and walking slowly down the street to his own lodgings, he recalled Edith's perfections with much satisfaction.

Some weeks passed on, and Dr. Maurice pursued his matrimonial scheme in a deliberate, not to say listless manner, discovered that his inamorata's name was Miss Winter, and that she was the daughter of a retired merchant to whom he easily obtained an introduction, and at whose house he had already made one call, finding the family all that could be desired, and Edith, as he still chose to call her, although discovering her name to be Ellinor, yet more irreproachable, and altogether correct in her home bearing than in public. She played Mendelssohn to perfection, and sang in the choir, and a German song or two, with perfect accuracy. Neither she nor Maurice alluded to their occasional meetings at the church, although a slight consciousness in the lady's manner betrayed her recognition of him at the first introduction.

"Although a charming girl, and just the sort of a wife I require," commented Dr. Oldfield, fitting his latch-key in the lock. "But there is no especial hurry."

About this time also Dr. Oldfield made the discovery that the little church upon the corner was open for morning service every day just about the time he generally mounted his horse or his buggy for his daily round, and sometimes, when there were a few moments to spare, he strolled in that direction, although he soon discovered that Edith never appeared at this early hour, and that Barberty the irrepressible always came, generally accompanied by a quiet St. Bern-

ard dog, whom she always commanded with great sternness to lie down "right there, and not stir for your life, sir," and carrying either a roll of music or a text-book under her arm, as if bound to some class or lesson. She always met the young man's attentive look frankly, sometimes with indifference and sometimes with the bright defiance of their first meeting.

It was one keen, wintery morning that he first spoke to her, and it was when coming up close behind her just outside the church door he heard her saying:

"Nonsense. Don't you come here again with that story; if you do I'll set my dog on you. You can't see the rector, he told me to tell you so."

Theraged urchin whom she addressed slunk away without reply, and Maurice gravely bowed and inquired:

"Was that boy annoying you, Miss—"

"I you seemed to be having trouble with him."

"Not at all, thank you, sir. Only one of the beggars that besiege this church," replied Barberty coldly.

"And who evidently never imposed upon your good nature," suggested the doctor with a sarcastic smile.

"That's the advantage of having no good nature; it can't be imposed upon," retorted the girl.

"True. I had not thought of that. Allow me to ask a little further instruction in the ways of this church; is your dog allowed here for the purpose of terrifying beggars or does he come for his own good?"

"The latter, I think, sir. Some instinct seems to lead the most stupid creatures to good places at times. Are you coming in?"

And Barberty disappeared behind the red door, whose color reflected itself in the doctor's face as he turned away muttering, "Of all the disagreeable chits"—and jumping into his buggy drove furiously down the street. His wounded feelings received an unexpected balm, however, in the course of the morning for in calling upon a poor crippled girl, one of his charity patients and a very intense sufferer, he found her happy and amused with an illustrated story just published. Asking where she got it, for the family were dismally poor, the young girl answered brightly:

"Such a nice young lady came to see me yesterday; and when I said I longed for something to read she gave me this book which she had just bought, and not so much as cut the leaves of. She said I should have the first reading. See, there is her name on the cover."

"E. Winter! Why, it is Miss Winter—Ellinor Winter!" exclaimed the doctor in pleased surprise. "How did she hear of you?"

"She goes to see the woman up stairs, and reads to her an hour almost every afternoon, and she told her how sick I was, and how poor and all, and she came in," explained the cripple, her eyes fixed so longingly on the book, that the doctor asked no more except professional question and soon after took his leave.

That day Miss Winter received a copy of the book in question, "With Dr. Oldfield's compliments," and that evening the doctor called. Edith thanked him in her guarded fashion for the book and, and hinted inquiry as to the especial motive of sending it.

"Good deeds are sometimes found out, even if covered up never so modestly," replied the young man with meaning. "I want to see Mary Norcross to-day and found some angel of mercy had been before me. I thought you might like a new copy better than one that had been in the hands of so ill a person too."

"You are very kind, I'm sure, doctor. I did not know that you were Mary Norcross's physician," said Edith calmly; and perceiving that she wished to change the subject, the young man politely did so, even while admiring the modesty thus proven.

The next afternoon, in passing by a Roman Catholic church, Maurice saw among the throng of entering figures a slight but careless form, a little head, and black velvet hat trimmed with barberry blossoms, all of which were familiar to him; and impulsively he followed them into the church, and soon perceived their owner kneeling before a side shrine, her face buried in her hands, her whole form shaken with emotion. Moved by a dozen conflicting feelings, Maurice stood and watched her until she rose, bowed to the altar, and passed out, starting a little, and blushing stormily as she recognized him, yet never flinching from his gaze. Hardly knowing what he did, he approached, and said in a low voice:

"What are you doing here, child? Are you a Romanist?"

"Does the question interest you very much, sir?"

"Yes. You are a mere child, and I am by profession a guardian of other people's bodies if not souls. I cannot bear to see you here, and your emotion shows—"

"Did you see me laughing then?"

"Laughing! I saw you weeping bitterly as you knelt before that altar."

"Good gracious, did you think I was crying? Why, I made a bet with a friend of mine that I would go in there and impose upon the very priest by my imitation of their performance; and as I knelt there the idea of what a lack it was, came over me, and I fairly shook

with laughter. I didn't know I was imposing on you as well as the Catholics." And Barberty laughed again until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Is it possible! I was sincerely sorry when I thought you came in here as a worshipper; but now that I find it was as a mocker—"

"It is something more than sorrow, I suppose; out-and-out horror perhaps! And so good of you, doctor, when after all I am not even a charity patient of yours."

"Excuse me. I was quite aware of my presumption in addressing you. Your youth, my profession, and the fact of so often meeting you in my own church, must stand for my poor excuse."

"Rather poor, I am sorry to agree with you. And so you own the Church of the Four Gospels, do you? Well, now, how strange that I should have belonged to it for three years and never found it out."

"When I say 'my church' I mean the church that I attend and belong to," explained Maurice patiently, "and I am glad to know that you have belonged to it for three years, since that period must embrace pretty nearly all your responsible life."

"Don't agonize any more about my age. I was seventeen on the third day of last May, so we can let the topic rest; and if you have quite done with your lecture, sir; and will pass round the hat, I will contribute my mite toward the encouragement of your benevolent efforts." And carefully extracting a five-cent piece from the breast pocket of her jacket, Barberty made a feint of offering it to the young man, and then dropped it in the alms chest, saying:

"Never mind. We'll give it to the poor some of your charity patients perhaps may profit by it."

"I wonder how you knew that there were such beings as charity patients, since you always drive away the poor people who address you, not even permitting them to reach the rector, whose concern rather than yours I should imagine them to be," said Maurice bitterly.

"Yes, but you see the dear rector is so good that he believes everybody, and is always being fearfully imposed upon. So I make it my business to keep all the poor people away from him that I can, and those who get in in spite of me are twice too many as it is."

"But those whom you drive away may be really deserving persons, and you do not inquire to see who are the impostors and who are not."

"Oh, they are all imposters, and get on somehow, I suppose; and if they don't, what matter! There, I'm going now. Good night, Doctor Guardian-of-other people's-bodies-if-not-souls."

"That is rather a long title to use often. Perhaps you will accept a card bearing my more usual name."

"As I don't intend it 'to use often,' the longer one will do for me; so good night."

And the wild girl walked away, leaving the young man *plante*, his card in his hand, and a very angry smile upon his lips.

"I won't have Edith acquainted with her any longer; that's settled," muttered he fiercely, and yet for some unknown reason he never, in his formal interviews with Miss Winter, alluded to this objectionable friend of hers, whom, indeed, he did not know as yet under any other name than that of Barberty.

But now there came upon the city where all these people lived, one of those scourges of pestilence whose full terror is only known to the dwellers in cities where constant personal contact with strangers is almost inevitable; so that one never walks the streets, rides in a horse-car, enters a shop, attends a place of amusement, or even one of worship, without feeling that the seeds of suffering and death to himself or those he loves may in that hour have infected his blood or his clothing. Dr. Oldfield found in this great necessity his opportunity, and soon became known throughout the city as one of the few men who understood and cured, under God's control, the plague; so that his days and nights were soon full to overflowing, not only among the wealthy and influential, who sought him unceasingly, and offered him any reward for the healing he might bring to their beloved, but among those humble and friendless ones whose blessings and prayers were their only wealth. Poor Mary Norcross was one of these, and the daintiest lady in the city received no tender or more constant care from the young physician than did she. Here, however, was the appointed door for her escape from suffering, and poverty, and loneliness, and she passed through it, her hand in Maurice's, and saying with her latest breath:

"Give my love to dear Miss Winter. She and you are all I leave on earth—and she loves you."

Up stairs also they took him of Miss Winter's constant attendance and devotion to the sick, and again, in another plague stricken home, and in yet another, he heard her name, and always coupled with praise, and blessing, and gratitude.

At last, one evening, he called to see her and thank her as well as to refresh himself by an hour's respite from his painful labors. A quarter of that time was spent alone in the drawing room, and when the young lady appeared, it was with so uncertain and hesitating a

manner, and so powerful an odor of disinfecting drugs hanging about her clothes, and she so decidedly withdrew from his offered hand, that Dr. Oldfield stared in surprise, and at last said:

"Surely you are not afraid of me, Miss Winter?"

"Oh, certainly not, doctor. I suppose of course you change all your clothes after coming out of those dreadful places where they say you go."

"And they say that you go too, Miss Winter," replied Maurice, smiling tenderly. "I do change my clothes to be sure; but you run ten thousand times the risk of infection during one of your visits, in which, by the way, I never can catch you, than in seeing me. I came to-night on purpose to warn you, and at the same time to thank you over and over again for the noble work you have done among my poorest patients. Everywhere that I go among them I hear your name and the stories of your courage and devotion. But—are you ill?"

"A little faint—excuse me—another day I will apologise, but now—"

And with a gesture of leave-taking, Edith tottered from the room, her face white as the cologne-saturated handkerchief which she held over her mouth and nose.

Full of concern, Maurice waited for a while, and then rang for a servant to inquire if Miss Winter was ill and wished to see him professionally. A written answer in her mother's name was presently returned, that the young lady was only faint from over-fatigue, and need not trouble Dr. Oldfield, who was, however, requested to call again in a friendly capacity.

"Over fatigue from these visits to the poor and sick," said the doctor to himself, as he walked down the street.

"What an admirable girl! You wouldn't find that Barberty fatiguing herself in that way. What can have become of that child? Now I have no time for church-hunting I never see her. I dare say she has left the city to avoid infection; what a pity so bright and fascinating a creature should be so heartless."

Arrived at home, the doctor glanced at the little wearily over the list of applicants who had called during his absence, and rapidly classified them, so far as he knew their names, according to the urgency of their cases. Four of these names were quite new, however, and the nearest address to his own home among them was that of "Christie Love." To this address the doctor at once took his way, wondering a little as he went whether Christie Love was a married or a single woman, young or old, very ill or only frightened, and where she had heard of him.

The address led him to a quiet home in a retired street, and hardly had a pallid servant-girl opened the door than a woman's voice sharp with terror called from the top of the stairs:

"Is it the doctor? Please to come directly up."

Laying aside coat and hat, Maurice obeyed, mounted the stairs, and followed the dark figure awaiting him into a dimly lighted room, where, tossing herself back and fro upon the dainty white bed, lay Barberty, her great gray eyes shining like stars, her cheeks and lips glowing crimson red, and the masses of her shining dark hair flowing over her slender form like the shadows of coming night.

"—gloriously beautiful, with a beauty that struck a chill to the heart of the young physician as he held the scorching hand, and watched the glowing face."

"Miss Winter. Miss Winter, Miss Winter! I thought winter was cold and I'm so warm—so burning hot!" babbled the bright lips again and again, and the mother, standing helplessly by, moaned:

"She's delirious, you see, doctor, and oh, she's so very, very sick, and I cannot lose her! Doctor, she's my only child, and I am a widow. Save her, save her for me!"

"Madam, I cannot try to save her unless those about her are perfectly calm. Even in delirium the patient is affected by the moods of those around. Please to tell me quietly how long your daughter has been ill, and if she has been exposed to the fever."

"Indeed she has, doctor," replied the widow, her voice subdued and her agitation controlled to a nervous tremor by the mere force of the other's look and tone. "She has been round among these dreadful poor people ever since the fever broke out. I had it last year, so she said there was no danger of bringing it home, and that she had a charmed life, and she passed through it, her hand in Maurice's, and saying with her latest breath:

"Give my love to dear Miss Winter. She and you are all I leave on earth—and she loves you."

But here the enforced calm gave way, and with a wild gesture, the mother darted from the room and into another, whose door she softly closed.

Maurice Oldfield looked about him; a girl's room this, with its whitely maidens' couch and hangings, its little pretentious childish trifles, and hints of dawning womanly tastes; its shelves of worn school books not yet quite done with; upon one corner of the mirror hung the black velvet sailor-hat, with its bunch of barberries, and on the other was festooned a

rosary with a pendent crucifix, at which

Maurice frowned until he perceived that it was too elaborately arranged to be often taken down; upon a table lay a book which he last seen in the hands of Mary Norcross, with the words "Miss Winter" written across the cover; but here his observations were cut short by a low laugh from the sick girl, as she said:

"Just in time to escape the doctor. Ugh! How the clothes in this closet smell; maybe they have the fever in them. I wish he'd go; but I won't come out till he does, if it's all day. He shan't find out Miss Winter yet. Oh dear, it's so warm, so warm, and the clothes smell so feverish! Maurice, Maurice! What a pretty name! I wonder if Ellinor Winter will call him Maurice. He never cared to come and see me, though he goes there. Never mind, I wasn't a very nice girl, and so young; but he shouldn't have spoken so, and looked so. It breaks my heart. Oh, it breaks, it breaks my heart."

And she broke into a passion of grief, whose sounds reached her mother's ear, and brought her rushing back into the sick room, crying,

"Christie, Christie, darling! Oh, for God's sake, doctor, do something for her. She said you could. It was almost the last thing she said before she went out of her head. 'Mamma,' said she, 'I have the fever, and I shall be very ill. Send for Dr. Oldfield, and let them write my name upon his slate, Christie Love, although I do not believe he knows who she is; but I will have my own name for once.' Those were her very words, doctor, and what she meant I don't know; but I did just as she said. I always do."

Maurice did not reply. A strange light had broken upon his mind, and he was busy, even while tenderly caring for his patient, in recalling their few brief and stormy interviews, and tracing the workings of the willful, sensitive, proud, yet most maidenly nature which had so carefully hidden all its own best side from one who had misjudged it, and which had taken a perverse delight in deepening the false and had impression accidentally given at first.

All that night, and for a great part of the next day, Maurice Oldfield stood or sat beside that bed, battling as never he battled yet with the fell destroyer, for this fair young life, which each had determined to make his own—all night and all day; and when night came again he knew he was vanquished, and must yield; but still he sat and knelt beside that white couch, now become a death-bed, while the moaning, almost lifeless mother lay prone upon the floor beside him, that, like Hagar in the wilderness, she might not look upon her child's death.

The delirium was over now; the fever had burned itself out in exhausting the springs of life, and from the stupor in which he thought she would have passed away the dying girl woke suddenly, and fixing her great, shadowy eyes upon those bent so agonizingly upon her face, smiled wanly, and said:

"I am glad you have come at last. I sent for you when I was first taken sick, for I knew then that I should die, and I didn't want you always to remember me as what I pretended to be."

"I know, darling—I know it all," whispered the young man, hoarsely. "You have told me all in your delirium, and I have been such a brute toward you. Say that you forgive me, dear, for I love you so dearly."

"Do you love me! I thought—but it is no matter now, although I should have been so glad if I had known it when I used to think you despised me so. I didn't really turn away the poor people, you know, but I kept them from worrying the rector until I had followed them home and found out if they were really worthy of his attention; and when I found you liked Ellinor Winter best I thought I would let her have whatever credit I might have claimed so I wrote her name upon the book, and left it for you to see; and then I felt so badly that I fancied going into that Roman Catholic church to ask a little help, as they do. It was foolish perhaps but I didn't like to go to our own lest some one should see me. And you thought I was a hypocrite, and so I helped it on; and I always said I was Miss Winter everywhere; and Maurice, I think Ellinor likes you, and she is a right good girl, and never does improper things like me, and—I am so tired—so tired and faint!"

Eighteen months after this Maurice Oldfield married Ellinor Winter. Why, I do not know, except because Mrs. Scott still said that it was best for a physician to be married, and because she was an unexceptionable young lady; and the tepid affection she plainly cherished for him was preferable to utter indifference or to a passionate love which he did not want.

In their betrothal hour she conscientiously confessed her want of candor in accepting praise and admiration for charities she never performed, but did not feel quite magnanimous enough to disclaim.

Maurice forgave the want of candor, but did not explain the enigma which Edith had never solved.

Neither did she ever know or even wonder, why the only artistic ornament of her husband's study was a panel on which was exquisitely painted a bunch of barberries, nor did she ever guess how

many lonely moments he spent motionless before the little painting, a mournful smile upon his lips, and unwanted dimness in his eyes.—*Jane G. Austin, in Galaxy.*

Things Worth Knowing.

Cat-gut is not the gut of cats, but of sheep.

Kid gloves are not kid, but are made of lamb skin or sheep skin.

Arabic figures were not invented by the Arabs, but by the Indians.

Tube rose is not rose, but the tuberous paliantli (*pallanthes tuberosa*).

Salad Oil is not oil for salads, but oil for cleaning callets or salades—i. e., helmets.

Black lead does not contain a single particle of lead, but is composed chiefly of carbon.

Turkish baths are not of Turkish origin; nor are they baths at all. They are hot air rooms.

Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but is the precipitate of the salt of protoxide of iron with prussiate of potassa.

Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil or even grew in Brazil; nor is it grass at all. It consists of strips of palm leaf, and is chiefly imported from Cuba.

Whale-bone is no bone at all; nor does it possess any properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the lower jaw of the whale, and seems to strain the water, which the creature takes up in large mouthfuls.

Sealing-wax is not wax at all; nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is composed of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinebar. Cinebar gives it the deep red color, and turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch; nor is it manufactured or exported from Burgundy. The best is a resinous substance, prepared from common frankincense, and brought from Hamburg; but by far the largest quantity is a mixture of resin and palm oil.

Copperas contains no copper, but consists of the sulphate of iron.

Cobalt, sold as a fly poison, contains no cobalt; but consists of impure metallic arsenic.

Red Precipitate or red oxide of mercury is not made by precipitation, but by heating the nitrate of mercury; when precipitated it has a yellowish color.

The Book of Job.

I call that, apart from all theories about it, one the grandest things ever written with a pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book; all men's book. It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny and God's ways with him here on His earth. And all in such free, flaming outlines. Grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart; true eyesight and vision for all things; natural things not less than spiritual. Sublime sorrow; sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars. There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.—*Carlyle's Heroes.*

Old Virginian Hospitality.

I remember a case in which a neighbor of my own, a very wealthy gentleman whose house was always open and always full of guests, dying, left each of his children a plantation. To the eldest son, however, he gave the home estate, worth three or four times as much as any of the other plantations, and with it he gave the young man also a large sum of money. But he charged him with the duty of keeping open house there at all times, and directed that the household affairs should be conducted always precisely as they had been during his own life-time; and the charge well-nigh outweighed the inheritance. The new master of the place lived in Richmond, where he was engaged in manufacturing, and at the death of the father the old house stood tenantless, but open as before. Its troops of softly shod servants swept and dusted and polished as of old. Breakfast, dinner, and supper were laid out every day at the accustomed hours, under the old butler's supervision, and as the viands grew cold his silent subordinates waited, trays in hand, at the back of the empty chairs, during the full time appointed for each meal. I have stopped there for dinner, tea, or to spend the night, many a time, in company with one of the younger sons, who lived elsewhere, or with some relation of the family, or someone as the case might be, and I have sometimes met others. But our coming or not was a matter of indifference. Guests knew themselves welcome, but whether guests came or not the household affairs suffered no change. The destruction of the house by fire finally lifted this burden from its owner's shoulders, as the will did not require him to rebuild. But while it stood its master's large inheritance was of very small worth to him.—*GEORGE CARY EGGLISTON, in November Atlantic.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
PORT LEWIS SULLINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 1.25
If not paid within six months, \$2.00
These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
Terms, cash in advance.

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All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communication.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Selinsky, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.
All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Henry Winter Sylve, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 10, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Another Deaf-Mute Suicide.

Yes, suicide! for what other term so fully represents the meaning of the act? This time it is Fritz Wolfe, a deaf-mute man, a peddler well known by many of the deaf and dumb of New York city. He was killed on the afternoon of the 21st ult., while walking on the railroad track, by a freight train approaching the Gold Run Depot, in Placer Co., California.

Our informant states that our brother-deaf-mute was not aware of any danger, and that the train approached him from the rear. Why should any deaf-mute think there is not any danger in walking on the railroad? With the friends of the deceased we sympathize in their deep affliction, brought upon them by the persistent folly of one who sinned against light and knowledge. But it plainly appears that the result was caused by his own foolhardy carelessness. Why it is the fact that so many deaf-mute pedestrians are forever hunting up some railroad to be walking on just at the time that a train is approaching them from the same direction, and how it is that they never think to look but one way till the train is upon them is very hard to be understood. Do they imagine that railroads are built solely for the use of pedestrians, and that the company will wait for them and run trains when the promenade is clear of footmen? In every such case of suicidal folly we pity from the bottom of our heart the unfortunate victims of their own recklessness, but at the same time we feel fully justified in invoking the severest reproofs on all who so wantonly despise good counsel from kind friends, and challenge death by unnecessary and careless track-walking. If there are still deaf-mutes to be found, who are determined to disregard the above and many other past fatal warnings, we sincerely wish the railroad law which exists in some States, and ought to in all of them, could be properly enforced against all needless track-walkers by arresting and subjecting them to imprisonment and fines to the full extent in such cases made and provided. If such a course were pursued the enforcement of the law would provide for the better care and safety of those who are so stubborn and reckless to care for themselves.

The Granville Deaf-Mute Service and Picnic.

According to previous announcement in the JOURNAL, the deaf-mute service was held by Rev. Thomas B. Berry and Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., in Trinity Church, Granville, N. Y., July 27th last, and the picnic excursion took place on the day following. We are indebted to a correspondent for a general account of the occasion.

The guests, who accepted the kind invitation of Rev. Mr. Berry, gathered at his house from different localities and enjoyed themselves in conversation as deaf-mutes only are capable of doing, till supper was announced by their host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Berry. After supper all went to the church and enjoyed first a prayer meeting, conducted by Mr. Berry and Dr. Gallaudet. No sermon was preached, but Dr. Gallaudet gave an interesting account of his mission work, and explained to his audience matters relating to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, and also made some suggestions in relation to sign-language—the "organ of speech" among the deaf and dumb. The church was well filled. The picnic was held at Pine Grove in Poutney, Vt., eight miles from Granville. Mr. Berry engaged a farmer with a large, commodious two-horse wagon to convey the party to the grove. After riding about six miles the gentlemen all abandoned the wagon train and took passage by a small steamer for the balance of the journey. The ladies being a little timid about the water route preferred to ride in the wagon. The party spent a very pleasant and happy time at Pine Grove and enjoyed a sumptuous dinner in the quiet and shady retreat. Every one enjoyed himself or herself to the utmost capacity, but their stay was somewhat shortened and their return to Granville hastened a little by the indications of rain. The ride in going and returning was greatly enjoyed and very much enlivened by merry conversation and witty jokes, the latter of which our informant says were sufficient to draw smiles from a female bovine. In returning the male portion of the load waived the two mile ride by water, and all enjoyed the wagon route very much. The party reached Granville without

any mishaps and unanimously expressed great satisfaction at the manner in which they had enjoyed both the church service and picnic, and gave Mr. and Mrs. Berry a good deal of praise for the kind and generous manner in which they had entertained their company and for furnishing a free picnic, excursion trip and refreshments. Those who were present will long and pleasantly remember the happy time afforded them by Mr. Berry's invitation to attend the meeting and picnic.

The following named persons were present on the above occasion: Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, and their son William and daughter Annie, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Bristol and child, Samuel H. Kee, Edward Welch of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Edson Hulet of Pawlet, Vt., Cabel Calvin and his sister, Mr. Wheeler of New York, and Miss Libbie Bowker.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., who had been to Syracuse last week to attend the funeral of the youngest child of Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Dayan, the brother-in-law and sister of Mr. Cooper, on their way back, stopped off at Pulaski and took a train on the Oswego & Rome Railroad for Mexico. The time they spent in this place with their friends, from Wednesday till Saturday evening, was passed very pleasantly, as Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet is also in town on a visit of a few weeks among her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are in excellent spirits and enjoying life very happily, and their friends here are always glad to see them. All wish for a frequent repetition of their visits. They left for home Saturday evening by the 5:40 train.

Mr. Wm. T. Collins, of Troy, N. Y., manager of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association for Northern New York, paid us a visit this week Tuesday, remaining over two nights, and leaving for home this morning. He had been on a visit to Mr. Chas. O. Upham and other friends of Watertown. Mr. Collins, accompanied by Mr. Upham and Mr. H. A. Ruarill, was at the great gala festivities on the fourth of August, at Alexandria Bay, where a balloon ascension, yacht races, fire works, illuminations and a full dress ball in the evening took place. The gentlemen enjoyed the festivities and trip very much. We are pleased to state that our friend Collins is in good health, and enjoying himself finely. His visit was a pleasure to all his Mexico friends.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: "The Itemizer."

OVER four thousand dollars have already been collected for the Home Fund. The end is not yet reached, but the prospect is encouraging. Every mite contributed helps to swell the funds to the needed amount. Contributions for the object will prove a means of relieving much distress to which the aged and infirm among deaf-mutes are, in common with others, subjected.

The Illinois Institution for Deaf-mutes at Jacksonville is reported incapable of properly accommodating all the deaf-mutes who are seeking for education. Chicago, ever on the alert for opportunities to accomplish valiant deeds for the oppressed and needy, proposes to open an Institution in that city or in some part of Cook county, in order to relieve the repleted condition of the Jacksonville Institution, and furnish, comparatively speaking, home instruction for the benefit of the Northern Illinois deaf and dumb.

Mr. A. W. MANN, of Flint, Michigan, is at present doing the double duty of attending to his mission work and preparing to receive deacon's orders. Mr. Mann will prove himself equal to the emergency.

The Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, at Rome, re-opens on the first Wednesday of September, under the capable and efficient supervision of the newly-appointed Principal, Prof. E. B. Nelson, a late teacher at the New York Institution, who has resigned his position in favor of entering upon the duties of his office at the Rome Institution at the commencement of the term. The many warm friends of Prof. Nelson are congratulating him upon his promotion to a wider field of usefulness.

WHAT has become of the large number of deaf-mutes who designed to visit the Philadelphia Centennial? Judging from the scarcity of deaf-mute correspondences from Centennial visitors, it may be inferred that, as in another instance, among those who talked of going, "many were called but few chosen" to attend the great Exhibition.

It is said that, according to the usual method of computation, Chicago city and Cook county combined contain, at the least calculation, two hundred deaf and dumb children embraced within the legal age for school instruction.

LAST Sunday morning about three o'clock an attempt was made by some burglar to enter the house of Mrs. GRACE J. CHANDLER, of this village. Miss MARY TRIPP heard a rattling at a window blind and saw a man trying to force an entrance. She struck a light and the man quickly disappeared. Mrs. CHANDLER, Miss AVERY, and Mrs. THOMAS GALLAUDET, who is with them, feel quite nervous over the burglar business. During the same night some burglar was prowling around the house of the editor of the JOURNAL and was frightened away by the barking of the house dog.

At the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, April 6 and 7, 1862, Mr. CYRUS RUSH, of Veedsburg, Ind., was standing near

a spot where a shell exploded; the consequence was he lost his hearing in one ear. For 14 years he was totally deaf in that ear, when about two weeks ago his hearing was entirely restored.

A Very Sad Misfortune.

Last winter Mr. Edson Hulet, of Pawlet, Vt., lost all his fingers on both his hands by freezing. His hands are getting better, but are not yet sound. He cannot talk now by manual alphabet, except by the old fashioned method of two-handed letters, but can use the sign language. Mr. and Mrs. Hulet both graduated from the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn.

A Well-Earned Recommendation.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 11, 1875.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
This is to certify that Mr. W. W. Miles, (a deaf-mute), has been in our employ about two years, and that during that time, by close application to our wishes, by his skill and energy as a mechanic and gentlemanly bearing as a man he justly merits our esteem and our best wishes for his prosperity wherever he may be.

Respectfully,
UDELL L. & W. W. CO.,
C. G. UDELL, President.

A Strange Story.

Among the passengers by the steamer for Liverpool, yesterday, was a lady whose history is certainly one of the most remarkable, if not the most incredible, on record. It is thus related:

Some time since a ship-carpenter at Sunderland, England, turned lecturer. His name was Anthony J. Oliver, and the subject of his lecture was mesmerism. He was a great reader and an extraordinary mesmeric operator, and when he made his first appearance in public his manifestations of the occult force astonished his audience. His progress through the towns of the north of England was one continued harvest of shekels. Old and young of both sexes—doctors, lawyers, clergymen and scientists—went to scoff at, but were spell-bound, by his mesmeric power. Among others in Newcastle, Miss Jennie Robson was a profound admirer of Mr. Oliver. So great was his influence over her that by the force of his will he could, at the distance of a mile or over, induce the mesmeric sleep and compel her to proceed to him. This extraordinary fact was demonstrated in the presence of a committee of scientific experts, when collusion was out of the question. On one of these occasions she climbed a garden wall seven feet in height and fell headforemost to the ground. She was taken up senseless and medical attendance was summoned, but in vain. She lay for six weeks in a condition bordering upon death. Just here it may be well to digress for a moment. Mr. Oliver afterward studied medicine in the Newcastle College of Medicine. After the war ended in the United States he, with a number of his English friends, settled in Virginia, where he met with a violent death. When Miss Robson returned to consciousness she was blind and deaf and she continued so for five or six weeks. The sense of hearing returned suddenly, but sight returned more gradually, but in the end perfectly. The most extraordinary feature of the case, however, was the fact that she had lost all recollection of her former life. She did not know a letter of the alphabet, and she could not play an air on the piano-forte. Her father and mother were strangers to her. Her pet dog was angrily thrust away. She was ignorant of the use of knives and forks. She was simply a new-born infant, with this difference: that she could acquire knowledge rapidly. Her education was commenced anew. Arithmetic, history, geography, French and music were eagerly studied, and a new circle of friends was gradually formed. Here, again, there was an abnormal fastidiousness. The friends of her former self were distasteful, and a young gentleman who had loved her and whom she had treated with cruel ridicule, suddenly became her prime favorite. It soon became known that Mr. George Henderson and Miss Jennie Robson were engaged. The young man's parents consulted Dr. Gibb, the doctor consulted Dr. Forbes Winslow, and the young people were urgently advised to postpone the nuptials. Parental opposition precipitated the union. A runaway match made them man and wife, in May, 1856. At the birth of the first son the poor mother remained unconscious for three weeks. Similar symptoms followed the birth of a daughter in 1860. One morning she awoke in her former natural state, without any intimation from memory or consciousness that anything unusual had happened. The four years of her married life were to her as though they had never been. She shrieked with rage when her husband approached. She designated her children "somebody's little brats." The house was strange to her. She did not recognize her own dresses or her own handwriting. She took up life again at the precise point where she had left it when she fell into the mesmeric slumber and tried to scale the garden wall. Existence with her husband was unendurable, and she was taken back to her mother. Parental interference resulted in a judicial separation between the husband and wife.

Miss Jennie Robson, as she again called herself, was annoyed by any reference to her abnormal individuality, and her parents yielded to her entreaties to leave the town and settle in the south of England. Near Dartmouth she gained all her former health and spirits. Possessing a graceful form and a pretty face, she soon became the focus of masculine admiration, and finally a wealthy young farmer offered his hand. Pere Robson, in spite of Jennie's tears and entreaties, insisted that Frederick Hood should be informed of her previous mental derangement and marriage. The poor fellow

was too deeply in love to fear consequences. Then a new obstacle arose in a legal form. Her husband heard of her intended marriage, and threatened Frederick Hood and Jennie with "proceedings" if the match was consummated. Whereupon Mr. Hood with Jennie emigrated to this country. Soon after the pair proceeded to Southern Minnesota and established themselves on a fruitful farm. But, alas! misfortune overtook them. In August last Mr. Hood was out driving with his wife in a buggy, when the horse ran away, the vehicle was upset, and Mrs. Hood was thrown violently to the ground, receiving a severe contusion on the back of the head. She remained unconscious for two weeks. When she recovered consciousness it was even as he feared. "She did not know me from Adam," as he expresses it, "and I could no more convince her that I was her husband than I could stop the earth in its orbit." Whenever he approached her she repulsed him with anger for spitting her away from home. All the old affection for her children and her former husband returned, and poor Hood had no peace till he started with her on her way back to England. The pair reached this city from the West, on Thursday last, and a friend of Mr. Hood's, who saw the pair, informed the writer that the coldest and most severe politeness existed between the man and wife. Nothing, however, can persuade the lady that she is not the victim of Hood's machinations, and her memory reverts back to the immediate circumstances preceding the birth of her baby in 1860.—N. Y. Mercury.

Suffering Caused by a Bank Failure.

In the Supreme Court, yesterday, a motion was made to confirm the report of the referee in a sale of property in the rear of the Windsor Hotel, belonging to the Third Avenue Savings Bank. The sale realized only \$50 above the incumbrances. S. H. Hurd, the receiver of the bank, objected, on the ground that on a resale a larger price could be obtained.

"I think the failure of this bank has been a very distressing affair," said Judge Westbrook, "and if I can do anything to increase the dividends to be paid to the unfortunate depositors, I shall certainly do it. It was only last Monday that an old lady, 70 years of age, stopped me in the hall as I was leaving the court room, and begged of me to do something to enable her to get her money out of this bank. She said that she had come a long distance, through the intense heat, to see me. Her feet were sore from walking, and she had a little deaf and dumb child with her, whom she had to support. She had \$2,300 deposited in this savings bank—all the money she had in the world—and she had her book with her to show me the amount deposited. I was compelled to tell her that I could do nothing for her. Under ordinary circumstances I would not be so stringent, but in this case, the receiver objecting, I decline to confirm the report."—N. Y. Sun, July 20, 1876.

Advertising.

The man who says it don't pay to advertise is, just as likely as not, doing it in some way, all the time. If he merchant hangs a few of his goods outside the door, he is advertising. If a cabinet maker hangs a chair or any other article of furniture at his shop door he is advertising. If a man loses a horse or a cow and tells every one he meets, he is advertising his loss. The doctor who has a boy to run into church and call him out in haste, is advertising.

A man cannot do business without advertising, and the only question should be, the best way to advertise. If you have a lot of personal property to sell, which is best to write out a few notices that not one in fifty will stop to read, or go to the printer and have a lot of well-displayed posters? If you are in business of any kind, is it not better to keep a regular standing advertisement in your home paper, that will stare your friends and customers in the face every week, rather than trust to the old foggy idea of—"Oh, they all know me!"

But, says Mr. Saxeall, advertising costs money! Very true, and so does everything else; and it is a good thing for you that advertising does cost something. If it did not, every little worthless concern would stand as good a chance of being known as the very best and most useful. If you want the people to know you have anything to sell, advertise it in your home paper first, then in your neighborhood papers. The man who has a reputable business, and spends the most in a liberal system of advertising, is the one who makes the most money. This is a truth well verified by the experience of those who have tried it.—Exchange.

Q. Oatmeal in water, in the proportion of a quart of water, is recommended as a refreshing drink. The meal should be well boiled, the mixture cooled, and water added to keep up the proportion. With a bit of ice, this is said not only to quench the thirst, but to keep up strength. Without ice, when ice cannot be had, it is still palatable, if entirely cool. It is said that it is used in many iron foundries and manufactories in England. The meal should be well shaken through the water before drinking.

There is not a medical man who denies the efficacy of sulphur as a radical remedy in the larger portion of skin diseases which prevail in cities; and there is not a medical man who does not endorse GLEN'S SULPHUR SOAP as the best way of applying it. Sold everywhere.

—On account of the excessive heat last Sunday, the attendance at our churches was exceedingly thin.

The Centennial Excursion.

If it hadn't been Centennial we shouldn't have gone. We didn't go on the excursion, as it was. We did, however, ride on the same train with a thousand mortals whose lives had been passed in ignorance of one of Nature's greatest wonders, except what they had learned by hearsay. A good many went because the trip promised to be a cheap one. Well, there was that about it. We didn't go from any such reason. We went because we didn't know any better. We know better now, and when the next Centennial excursion to Niagara Falls shall go, we shall be conspicuous by our absence. We didn't accompany the one that occurred a century ago, but have heard that it was a pedestrian expedition. If this be true, those who went had one advantage—plenty of room for their feet. We had plenty of feet for the room.

If there is one place superior to another for the study of human nature, it is a crowded railroad train. Those who went to Niagara last Thursday had one of the grandest opportunities of modern times for this sort of research. Then, too, the whole thing was romantic. We never had thought of it in exactly that light. But when we left the station an hour behind time, and thanked Providence for a peg in a freight car on which to hang our weary frame, and the young lady with a white dress and Centennial necktie, nudged her bashful companion in the ribs and whispered, "Isn't this romantic?" we began to appreciate the beauty of the situation. The situation improved as we advanced.

It was advertised that we should start at 6:30 a. m. "sharp." This proved to be a fine stroke of humor on the part of the manager of the enterprise to accommodate whom the sun got up an hour earlier than usual. It was a beautiful sunrise—the first and best of its kind we ever saw.

Two hundred people walked boldly through Main street that morning, each person bearing a shawl or a lunch basket. After an hour's waiting the long looked-for train thundered—figuratively speaking—up to the station. A cheerful sight then met our anxious gaze. Every coach was filled, packed and jammed, while children had been thrown in to fill up the cracks. The noble two hundred took seats—no matter how or where—and the day's enjoyment was fairly begun.

Details of the trip to Niagara from this point would only cause the unrighteous to laugh at the expense of the mourners. Suffice it that a thousand people, men, women and children and mothers-in-law were laid in tiers (this may truthfully be spelled another way) in ten coaches, and thenceforward tried to convince themselves that this was just what they had expected, and, in fact, hoped for; and that, all things considered, it was probably the most enjoyable day they would ever spend upon earth.

We lingered lovingly along the road between Oswego and Lewiston, picking berries and playing base ball; when we couldn't find anything else to do we abused the manager. This and the dinner were the most comforting incidents of the ride.

The conductor had the liveliest imagination on record. It overlapped space and veracity with equal facility. No one applied to him for information as to distance without being relieved. For two-thirds of the way we were only "twenty miles from the Falls." The dog-trot of the locomotive prevented sea sickness; and though our hair became frosted by age, the obituary column was blank. Many, becoming impatient, left the train and went on foot; but most of us staid and got our money's worth.

Dim uncertainty hangs over the latter portion of the ride. It is said, however, that we did finally reach Niagara Falls. Having so little personal knowledge upon this point, we can neither affirm nor deny. We did get a glimpse of some water pouring over a dam with more speed than elegance; but as there was no tight-rope performer (except one too tight to perform) we can't believe that we did see the Niagara of which geographers sometimes speak.

The rest of the excursionists' time was occupied in getting home. After a journey which made one sigh for the good old days of the stage coach, we reached the peaceful homes we had so foolishly left. But we didn't parade through Main street this time; we went across lots, and though hundreds of tickets were sold for Niagara, no one can be found who went.

We have spoken as we intended, only of the excursion itself. We have no glowing description to offer of sights which have driven poets crazy and all writers wild; and no enthusiasm to vent over the majestic creations of Nature; it is ours only to give warning, prompted by experience, and say to all hereafter tempted by glittering promises to attend a Centennial excursion, adopt Josh Billings' advice to young men about to marry—Don't!

Great preparations are making for the annual camp meeting at the Thousand Island Park, which will begin August 16, and last two weeks. Among the divines who will take part are Rev. Dr. Newman of Washington, Bishop Haven of Boston and Rev. Dr. Rust, President of Nashville (Tenn.) University. Dr. Rust will bring along a band of trained colored singers. Prof. Wells of Union College, will give his lecture on Bismarck during the season.

Burglars are still active in town. During the week attempts have been made to enter several houses. Among them were Dr. Dayton's, H. C. Rider's, Mrs. Chandler's, Mr. Blakeslee's, B. F. Barker's and George Babcock's house. At Mr. Babcock's they made raid on the catables, and had a good square meal, taking away little of any value beside a pair of sleeve buttons.

The Universalist Church—Its Minister, Etc.

The Universalist Society in this village has been without a pastor for nearly a year past, but its members have not been idle. Within this time the pews in the audience room have been cushioned, and every dollar of indebtedness on the entire church property has been paid. The cushions were provided by the ladies of the society, and to B. Thayer, deceased, and Phineas Davis belong the credit of having paid the debt.

The people of this society, not strong as to numbers, but strong in their conviction of the truth of God as it is revealed in Christ, have been earnest workers amid discouragements arising from the death or removal of a number of their most able and willing helpers. But, not disheartened by misfortune, they hold fast their profession, and are determined to go on with their work. They, together with the Universalist people of Parish and Texas, have called to the pastorate Rev. Eugene B. Cooper, a member of the class of '76 at the Canton Theological School. Mr. Cooper will preach one sermon each Sunday at Mexico, and on alternate Sundays at Parish and Texas. He begins his work next Sunday. That he may be blest and prospered in his labors is the sincere wish of a former pastor.

J. V.

Prattville and Texas.

We find the following in the American Wesleyan:
BRO. STRATTON.—We find Prattville a pleasant place to live in, and these charges a pleasant field of labor, with some encouraging features. Attentive congregations with occasional expressions of appreciation of our efforts in proclaiming the truth, and many prayers offered in behalf of the pastor, cheer our hearts in the work. An increasing desire for a revival, and the salvation of souls is also manifest in many hearts at both places. Our Sabbath-school work is also encouraging. At Prattville, Bro. Alfred Burlingham is working hard in his first experience as Superintendent, and the school is prospering under his management. At Texas the school is blessed with a greater number of children. Brother O. Rose has the responsibility of superintending the work. And although it is also his first experience in that office his zeal is commendable, and his success gratifying. The varying exercises of singing, reciting Scripture verses, and asking and answering questions, in which the children heartily engage, and which we are occasionally permitted to witness, give life and attraction to the school. The moral influence will doubtless tell favorably upon the rising generation.

EDWIN BARNESON.

Mexico, N. Y., July 24, 1876.

The New York Press Association and the Centennial.

Mr. Ed. Parker of Geneva, the Chairman of the Committee of the New York Press Association has completed the necessary arrangements for the Centennial excursion and announces that it will leave Elmira at 10:52 A. M., Waverly at 11:20 A. M., and Sayre at 11:28 A. M., on Tuesday the twentieth of August. They go by the superb Lehigh Valley road, stop a day at Mauch Chunk, to enjoy a ride over the Switch-back, visit the Burning Mines, the Coal Breakers, the Glen Orono and view the scenery in that locality which has come to be known as the "Switzerland of America." The excursion will arrive in Philadelphia on the evening of the 30th of August, and quarters have been arranged for them at Grand Exposition Hotel. Arrangements have also been made with the Northern Central for a trip to Baltimore and Washington. The whole excursion will occupy something over a week and of course there will be a fine party and a joyful time.

Day before yesterday Henrietta Denmore a maiden lady living about two miles from Fulton, attempted to commit suicide. She pretended to her friends that she was going from home. Instead, however, she went to her room, throat a tub with her, and then cut her throat and let the blood run into the tub. When discovered it was thought it must have been as much as 24 hours after the attempt upon her life.—Fulton Patriot.

Narrow Escape.—NEW HAVEN, AUG. 8.

About 2 o'clock this morning, Wallace Halladay, butcher, started for Oswego with a load of beef. When on the bridge near Daggett & Allen's grist mill, his horse became frightened and backed off, Mr. Halladay and horse falling into the creek, which is about twenty feet. The horse was recovered after being in the water a long time. Mr. Halladay received several bruises and had some ribs fractured. Dr. C. S. Marsh attended him.—Cor. Osw. Palladium.

A meeting of the Ladies Aid Society will be held at Mrs. Morris Brown's on Saturday evening, Aug. 12th, at 8 o'clock, to complete business unfinished at last meeting. All the ladies of the congregation are desired to be present.

JOSEPH SMITH, Sec'y.

A THIN MAN.—You may talk of your tall men, short men and fat men, but they are nothing compared to a man in Volney, who is so exceedingly thin that during the hot weather he stretches himself along the clothes line during the night, and when the mosquitoes alight on him they split themselves in two.

Our firemen join the Pulaski firemen on an excursion to Brockville, Ontario. The Helicon Band accompanied them.

News of the Week.

The Sioux under Sitting Bull are said to be eager for a fight with General Crook.

Ex-Attorney-General Williams denies the charge that anonymous letters were written by his wife.

The letters of acceptance of Gov. Tilden and Gov. Hendricks are out; they both urge reform in the public service and expenditures, and demand as early a return as possible to specie payments; Gov. Tilden favors the one Presidential term idea, and Gov. Hendricks a repeal of the resumption clause of 1875.

The Cheyenne Sioux request of the Government a cessation of hostilities against Sitting Bull with a hope of effecting a peace with him.

The House on Saturday passed a bill repealing the Resumption act of 1875 by a vote of 106 to 86; another bill was passed providing for a commission to consider the question of a double standard of value and the practicability of resumption.

The Democrats have carried the Alabama election by 20,000 majority, which is a gain over 1874.

The answer for Gov. Tilden and other defendants in the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railroad suit has been filed, and it denies all the charges of the complaint.

Gen. Crook has fallen back 75 miles; the Indians are harassing his scouts; he is endeavoring to join Gen. Terry.

On Tuesday Kentucky went Democratic, with an increased majority; Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was elected to Congress.

How Fortunes are Made.

DOES ADVERTISING PAY IN HARD TIMES?

In these times when business is dull men very naturally try to economize in every way possible, and many short-sighted business men seek to reduce expenses by cutting off their advertising. That this is poor economy a single illustration will show. When the great financial panic came, many of the manufacturers of family medicines, who had been advertising largely, were intimidated by the threatening aspect of affairs and greatly reduced or entirely withdrew their advertising from the papers. To this rule of action a notable exception was afforded in the business policy pursued by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose well-known business sagacity prompted him to quickly perceive and take advantage of the lull in advertising, caused by the withdrawal of his competitors from this field of enterprise. He promptly contracted with the newspapers of the land for double the amount of advertising which he had usually done. As others were doing but little advertising, attention was naturally attracted by his liberal display of printer's ink, and he was enabled, more prominently than ever before, to bring the merits of his medicines to the notice of the public. The large sum of two hundred thousand dollars was spent in one year's advertising. The past year a still larger sum has been expended. What has been the result? Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines are to-day the most popular of any that are sold, the sales far exceeding those of all other like preparations, and the large income derived therefrom, and from a very extensive practice in the treatment of chronic diseases, which is a prominent branch of the doctor's business, has given him the funds to erect a grand Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, for the accommodation of his many patients, which will cost, when completed, at least two hundred thousand dollars. Another effect of this advertising is seen in the sale of sixty thousand copies of "The Peoples Common Sense Medical Adviser," by Dr. Pierce, in the first year of its publication. Who says that advertising in hard times does not pay? The foggy may say that if medicines and other goods have merit they will find sale without advertising. Fairbanks' scales are known to be unexcelled, yet many hundred thousand dollars were spent in advertising them, before the people were made to appreciate their superiority. A. T. Stewart considered it good business policy, and undoubtedly it paid him, to spend many hundred thousand dollars in advertising his goods, yet nobody questioned the excellence of his merchandise. The grand secret of success lies in offering only goods which possess merit to sustain themselves, and then through liberal and persistent advertising making the people thoroughly acquainted with their good qualities. We do not say that the newspapers afford the only medium through which the masses may be appealed to for patronage, but it is a significant fact that while Dr. Pierce has used other mediums to some extent, his main reliance for popularizing his medicines and increasing his practice has been upon the newspapers. That he has exercised most excellent judgment in advertising, the rapid growth of his business, until it has attained immense proportions, and the accumulation of a large fortune, amply attest. Other large and successful advertisers have shown a like and unanimous preference for the same class of mediums.—Exchange.

—We learn that Dr. George R. Metcalf, assisted by Drs. Bradbury and Johnson, removed a cancerous tumor of pretty large size, from the breast of Mrs. C. F. Tutler, on Friday last. The operation is said to have been performed in a surgical-like manner, and the patient is doing well.

—On Tuesday of last week a nephew of Mr. John Jones, of Prattville, a boy about ten years old, was kicked in the forehead by a horse. The skull bone was broken and the boy was unconscious for a time. Dr. Johnson assisted by Dr. Metcalf, of Jersey City, dressed the wound and at last accounts it was doing well.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Picnic of the Manhattan Literary Association.

"What are the wild waves saying?"
Too old. That will never do.
"Old ocean's gray and melancholy water."
No, but it was sunny and the water was blue.

At a very early hour on July 11th, hosts of deaf-mutes, accompanied by their wives in case or in posse, found their way to Canal street, where they found the steamer, "Only Son," awaiting them. All were desirous of seeing the magnificent scenery of the Hudson. The points of interest embraced in the voyage need hardly be referred to here. There is scenery more grand and picturesque, but scarcely more attractive. The boat left Canal St. at ten o'clock, and, after touching a few minutes later at 23d street, she in due course steamed away, taking with her not only her deaf-mute but a few other passengers.

The day was a delightful one and all who went enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. Old Sol, with all his mid-summer power, of the vigor of which everybody can now speak authoritatively, was pleasantly tempered by the breeze, and as a consequence the "Only Son's" living load was comfortable and happy.

Soon the blue waters, where the breakers were seen to roll, swelled up to the horizon, and the crowd pressed forward, hailing the river like Greeks. On the excursionists went, winking in the blinding rays of the hot sun reflected from the broad expanse of water. The breeze blowing over the water was cool and refreshing, though the trees prevented its reaching the resort on the bluff.

While the excursionists were on the steamer, two young ladies belonging to New York, innocently boarded the steamer, thinking she was a local craft about to go to Rockaway Beach and return. Intent upon enjoying what they thought would be only too short a trip, they ensconced themselves on the hurricane deck near the pilot-house, and when the "Only Son" turned her bow toward the Palisades the handsomer of the two belles turned to Mr. Thomas Godfrey, of the Sunnyside Social Club, who, attracted by the beauty of the scene, occupied a contiguous seat, and naively asked, "Where will the boat stop again?" Our modest friend, Mr. Godfrey, than whom no one is more deferential to ladies, said with a smile, "No more stoppings on this side of Manhattan Island." The young lady's New York blood fired up at what she thought was a breach of politeness and with a toss of her head, she looked away without deigning to answer. Her companion, however, somewhat alarmed or else anxious to test whether so unsophisticated looking a mortal as our friend Godfrey, would perpetuate a heartless practical joke, enquired if the boat was going to stop at 34th street. Our friend, wondering what the ladies were driving at, told them that the steamer was on her way to Fort Lee, where she would be moored for the forenoon. This thoroughly frightened the young girls, and for a few moments a scene ensued, in which sobs, tears and explanations were incoherently mingled. Our soft-hearted friend, whom we will call "Tour," in response to a question put to him by the first lady, who wrote with a big "lump," said that the first stopping place of the steamer would be Pleasant Valley. The ladies perforce had to journey to Fort Lee, and enjoy the day with the deaf-mutes instead of going to Rockaway. Our friend "Tour" in the desperation of the moment, even offered to jump overboard and swim ashore with the younger lady, but she smilingly declined his self-sacrificing offer.

The Pavilion Grove (Mr. Del. Brown's) which is located a short distance from the steamboat landing, was reached about half past 11 o'clock, in the forenoon, when those who brought baskets with them sought shady retreats, spreading the table cloth on the green sward, and thereon placing the edibles of a genuine picnic dinner. This was lazily indulged in, and formed one of the most delightful parts of the affair. The meal finished, a stroll in the woods in quest of flowers or branches, or dancing consumed the time until the hour of departure on the return trip. The sail home was even more pleasant than that of the morning, the cool evening breeze being fresh and invigorating. The steamer arrived at the foot of 23d street at 6:30 o'clock without an accident or an unpleasant word or incident to mar the day's enjoyment and everybody highly elated.

Much credit is due to the following committee: James Russell, Pat McGuire, G. L. Reynolds, S. M. Brown, Wm. O. Fitzgerald. Of course we had the "everlasting, laughing dancing jack," who is acknowledged to be the wit of the day or evening, and by all he is the only little Wm. G. Jones.

AGRIPPA.
Brooklyn, July, 1876.

The Sunnyside Social Club.

On the evening of the 3d inst., the members decorated the outside of the house, No. 17 Skillman avenue, with flags, lanterns, bunting and mottoes, and the decorations beat any of the neighbors on the avenue. On the 4th the members enjoyed the Centennial year by the using of firearms, but W. A. Pond let all things alone, owing to the accident of 1875. Among the decorations was "1776—Sunnyside Social Club—1876," and while the lanterns were in full blast, the wind drove the light of one of the candles to the nearest bunting, and "Fire!" "Fire!" "Fire!" were the shouts of the children; but soon afterward the fire was extinguished with only a slight damage to the lanterns.

Enjoying the hours on the 4th, the hour of 10 slowly crept on, and fourquarts of ice cream were distributed among the

members and their friends soon after the display.

Now that the rooms are decorated with flags, &c., and the members propose to let them remain as late as November 16. Hurrah for the Centennial.

AGRIPPA.

Chicago and other Illinois Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CLARENDON HILLS, ILL., Aug. 2, 1876.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—The readers of your paper may have thought it strange that they have not heard from me for several weeks. I have had no news worthy of publication during that time; neither have I at this time. Still I have something to write about, which, although not news, may be of interest to the deaf and dumb. I wish through your valuable and widely circulated paper to urge upon my mute friends to desist from walking on the railroad tracks. When Mr. Gustav Christiansen, President of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society, read in the JOURNAL the thrilling account of the death of Mr. Charles B. Hibbard, by a railroad train at Jackson, Mich., he said the accident forcibly reminded him of three narrow escapes he had had from being run over by the cars. The first time when a boy, he was walking carelessly on the track, not thinking to watch for an approaching train till suddenly one came up behind him, giving him just enough, and only enough time to spring to one side, in order to escape contact from the engine which was close upon his heels. The next time was when he wished to cross the Illinois River, a few miles from Bloomington, Ill. He thought he would cross by walking on the ties of the railroad bridge. He saw an approaching train, but unwisely concluded to risk his chances of crossing before it would reach him. After partly finishing the task the engine stole upon him so rapidly that he found it impossible to reach the shore before being overtaken. Necessarily quick conclusions must be arrived at, followed by quick action or a horribly mangled corpse would soon be all that was left of him. Providentially he lit immediately upon the proper and only safe expedient which was to clutch hold of one of the ties with his hands, drop his legs, body and head beneath, which he had time to do, and in a moment the train had passed, and, by his hands, he raised himself safely to the track. The third instance was a few years later, while he was walking on the track at or near Binghamton, N. Y., followed by a neighbor's dog. He noticed that the dog ran ahead at a swift pace. As no regular train was at that time due, he was not looking for any danger, but chanced to turn his head barely in time to catch a glimpse of a train coming up from behind and dodge it. The shock this time to Mr. Christiansen's nerves was terrible. Reflecting how by his disobedience to the precaution to deaf people against walking on the railroad track, he had thrice narrowly escaped a terrible death, he fully resolved never again to face death needlessly by taking another promenade on the railroad track.

Prominent among those attending the large meeting held at the Chicago Deaf-mute Society's Rooms, on Sunday, the 23d ult., were Prof. E. G. Valentine, lately a teacher in the Indiana Institution; Prof. Williams, of the Wisconsin Institution; Prof. R. S. Thompson and wife, of Kansas; Prof. P. W. Downing, of the Minnesota Institution, and two speaking gentlemen of large reputation, nearly all of whom made interesting religious remarks for the entertainment of the audience. Prof. Valentine recently resigned his position at the Indiana Institution, and is now reading law in the Chicago Times Building, and promises to stand by the Chicago Deaf-mute Society. Prof. Thompson and wife came to Clarendon Hills last week Tuesday, spent a day with their friends and then resumed their journey to their home in Kansas. Both were classmates of mine at the New York Institution. We enjoyed talking over old reminiscences very much. Their visits in Chicago and this place were highly enjoyed by themselves and their many warm friends. They expressed much pleasure and satisfaction with their eastern trip.

I am sorry to note the death of the youngest son of Prof. and Mrs. P. A. Emery, of Chicago, who died of scarlet fever last Thursday. He died suddenly having been attacked on the day previous. Much sympathy is felt for Prof. Emery and his wife at their sad bereavement. Their oldest daughter was also attacked with the epidemic, and I am told is getting better.

Mr. A. W. Mann and his wife came from Wisconsin last week and stopped for two days at Clarendon Hills. We enjoyed their company very much indeed. Last Sunday afternoon, Mr. Mann gave a very able lecture to the deaf-mutes in St. James' Church, corner of Cass and Huron Streets, Chicago. The subject of his discourse was "Liberty and Slavery."

In the evening of the same day he lectured before the deaf-mute society in the same city. All deaf-mutes present seemed to take a deep interest in his two lectures. Mr. and Mrs. Mann, after the second lecture was delivered, took the night express for Corning, Iowa, where she will stop with his relatives while he goes on to prosecute his mission work. Mr. Mann said he expected to be in Chicago again in three or four weeks. Enclosed I send you a clipping of "A Strange Story" for the JOURNAL, if you think it worthy of publication. Myself and wife are still well and happy.

E. P. H.

Major H. M. Danforth, 14th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, pastor of the Fulton M. E. Church, will deliver the address at the annual reunion of the Veterans' Association of Oswego County at Pulaski, August 25.

The annual picnic of the Presbyterian church and Sunday-school takes place at Mexico Point next week Wednesday.

Salem, Mass., Notes.

The weekly religious services of the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes were closed last Sabbath for the usual summer vacation. The closing exercises were conducted by Prof. Job Turner, formerly of Virginia. His text was 1st Epistle of John, first chapter and fifth and sixth verses. Subject—"Evidences of Piety." A very good subject and well delivered. The audience was about twenty, five of whom came from Marblehead, four miles distant in a boat. Some of your readers may exclaim, "Boating on Sunday!" Yes, for a good purpose. Among the visitors present were Mr. Wm. Bailey, late leader of the Saco and Biddeford Deaf-mute Christian Association; Wm. B. Sweet; Mr. Small, of Hartford, Ct.; and Miss Lizzie Lake, of Lowell.

At the close of the services P. W. Packard made a few remarks, comparing the Society to a team or to horse cars with different and changing drivers and the duties connected with the team. He said since the year beginning in October last, Prof. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, was the first driver, and Job Turner the last. Now the team or services are stopped for a season for repairs and recuperation, and to prepare for another long journey, and the drivers need rest and recreation in order to recruit their energies and strength, and to be ready if called upon again. As the members are not to be assembled again until next fall, they need to be seasoned with salt or fortified with good advice till then, so he gave all a cordial invitation to meet at his house in the evening, where he would be happy to review the past and the doings and duties of those drivers, and would try to salt the members with some good advice, so as to keep them from becoming dry or dead to the religious instructions they have received, and to hold fast to the good advice they have obtained.

Some time after the afternoon service, the Marblehead visitors left our rooms to take the boat again for home, when they found it raining so hard that at last they accepted brother Packard's invitation, and retired to his house, where they were kindly accommodated with the loan of his large spread and two poles, so as not to get wet on returning home; also another loan of Mrs. Packard's water-proof cloak to Mr. Sweet, and her cape to Mr. Small, and yet he is not a small boy. After being provided with the necessary articles, they left with our good wishes for their safety and comfort. The sermon they enjoyed was worth all the trouble and inconvenience to which they were subjected.

About \$65 has been subscribed from among only eight members of the Society for the year from their own pockets, besides the weekly collections toward its support, which I consider a very good amount considering their small number. The rest of the members, it is hoped, will subscribe something by and by. We are not rich, and are all laborers at various trades, and some have been out of work; notwithstanding all these drawbacks they gave what they could. What other society of the kind in New England can beat us? We would like to hear. Will others follow and give all they can? It is our aim and duty to give all we can and then depend upon the public for the remainder.

P. W. Packard conducted the Bible class every Sabbath part of the day throughout the year with a few exceptions, when he was absent and detained by sickness. Besides that, he occupied the pulpit twice every month throughout the season, in addition to his other engagements in overseeing the Society's interests and improvements. All his labors were gratis.

On Sunday, July 17th, we were honored with a visit from Miss Mann, a teacher of the American Asylum, who is the guest of brother S. Rowe, during his vacation. He drove from West Roxford, 16 miles, also bringing his wife, expecting to hear our much-honored brother, J. T. Tillinghast, but in that they were disappointed, Mr. Tillinghast being unable to come, having been prostrated by the great heat of the week previous. Prof. R. H. Atwood, of Newburyport, occupied the pulpit. A travel of 16 miles to hear the word of God is a good example for all. Notwithstanding their disappointment, they did not return home with empty baskets, but were filled with good spiritual things, scattered by brother Atwood, formerly of Ohio, more recently of Arkansas. He is now enjoying housekeeping in the place where he found his first love, and he has had the opportunity of occupying the Salem pulpit several times, much to our satisfaction. He is now out of employment, and should be remembered by those who need a teacher. His past experience in that line is ample recommendation as to his abilities.

On the 28th of July, some members of our society went over to the "Willows," a mile or two distant, a popular sea shore resort, with baskets and pails full of good eatables and cooking utensils. In the morning some of us on our arrival seated ourselves on the grass to cut potatoes ready for the dish for dinner, while some others went out in a boat fishing. At about twelve o'clock we made a fire on the rock, and cooked our fish, coffee, fried potatoes, &c. We had also tomatoes, cucumbers, (but no baked beans), halibut, herrings, cakes, &c. We thought every passer-by would covet our good dinner. After we were full to the brim without overflowing, the ladies went and washed the dishes, standing on a small rock surrounded by the sea. Our topics during the day were of a different character; as to how we could procure and own a booth so that we can pitch it any where we choose every summer, and how we wished our jolly brother Tillinghast of New Bedford would be with us. Among the ladies present was one from Lowell, who has been enjoying the Salem air for several weeks, and has gained nine pounds within four weeks,

as reported by herself the other day, and when she returns to her home they will find her fair and fleshy. About 6 o'clock p. m., we got ready and started homeward, with red and yellow asses, necks and hands, mortifying of course to our pride, from the effect of our glorious sun. Here and there parties take their lunch upon the rocks or serve a private spread in groups upon the grass. These places are from time to time very well patronized, and are found to be a great convenience to many people whose appetites are improved by remaining a few hours within the influence of the salt sea air. Our own appetites were improved and excellent the next day. The same party have frequented the same and other places before, and enjoyed themselves heartily. We are going, by invitation, to join a hearing party of 25 on Ipswich beach, twelve miles distant, where we will make a fire, &c.

P. W. Packard is busy preparing, if the Lord will, for the coming winter season, for the benefit of the said society, which he planted and is still watering by the help of some *Apollis*, and the smiles of heaven, and for the success of which his labors are ever constant. He looks to the Holy Spirit as his helper.

George A. Holmes, late President of the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association called on P. W. Packard, on Monday week before court, and stopped over night with him to see if arrangements can be made so that he can take up his quarters at his (Mr. Packard's) house during his vacation in August, and on other business. He is nicely settled keeping house at East Boston, where he enjoys being a father, having a fine son about 9 months old.

"RESIDENT."

Natty Bumpo Answered.

Those who feel a natural aptitude for the profession are thus almost compelled to enter the service and accept the humble pay of the State. And their position is in no case a sinecure and their salary is not sufficient to enable them to lay up a reserve fund for their maintenance when they are worn out in the service. Certainly if public servants are ever entitled to a pension, the teachers of our Institutions deserve such a reward, while, as I have already shown, the establishment of such a system of reward for faithful service would encourage a superior class of teachers to enter the Institutions and to devote their whole time to the duties of the position. I do not believe that the measure could, as has been hinted, be used as an excuse for the reduction of the salaries of the teachers. Unless I misread public opinion there is a strong and growing belief that no public money is expended to better advantage than that appropriated for purposes of education, and that no public officer earns every cent of his salary by more faithful and trying labor than that put forth by our teachers. Any proposal to reduce their salaries on the plea that the hope of a pension would enable them to leave out a small pittance, would be received with general condemnation, for all fair-minded persons would recognize the injustice of cutting down the pay of hundreds of teachers who never will receive any benefit for the sake of a few. A man who has given so many years to instructing and disciplining of successive generations of deaf-mutes, surely deserves a more suitable reward than a worn-out piano-forte.

Let me turn and point out to Natty Bumpo the letter which appeared in your issue recently. The fences throughout the country are frequently decorated with flaring posters, announcing the titles of their productions, generally accompanied by a gaudily colored, wretchedly drawn cut representing a street car row between ragged gamins, or something else. Of course we have got the redoubtable Pat Rooney, launching forth upon the sea of literature entitling his story as "Poodles of Poole Hollow," and following we can see "O'Hoolahan, the Outlaw," and then with all there is Sam Devyre, who jingles a banjo and sings bad rhyme of his own composition. But besides all novelists, we ourselves have got "Natty Bumpo" as our "dramatic novelist," who thinking it a little easier, uses this coarse language towards a personal acquaintance—

"But he (Lytton Bulwer) need not worry, for no one is disposed to steal that mouldy bone from him. He cannot be a teacher, as is shown by his greenness in expecting that the Board of Directors would ever take up his measure, and we are all the more sure because there is no deaf and dumb Institution in Brooklyn, from where he hails." Graceful indeed! But there is a school in Brooklyn. Whether the writer of the above wretched article is a dramatic novelist or a burly writer, it is a pity that his productions should be printed. They are neither entertaining nor instructive, but are abusive, while they have a tendency by the vulgarity of the point, the slang and coarseness of the language and the lowliness of the usages, to spoil what taste may exist to the readers of such work. The dramatic persona of the article of Natty Bumpo consists wholly of blunders, and I would like to know how he stumbled upon the absurd suggestion that I wanted to be a teacher. Certainly I have been offered several positions far better than which he may occupy, and the rush into the literary world would be a far more honored position than a teacher with a salary that cannot keep him when he is worn out. But it has been indeed for Natty Bumpo, like the illustrious Doyle Roach who cannot open his mouth without putting his foot in it, or sanction a single word without invoking the wrath of his friends or foes! But further than the above, it is certain that Natty Bumpo has only one-fourth of the whole experience in the welfare of the deaf-mutes, and as he asks whether the article is nonsense or sense, I can only refer to the nonsense part and he acknowledges the nonsense, and as to the removal of the sacred veil, now over Natty Bumpo's face, I will say that he ought not to advance any further, but ought to "gull

down the vest" for Natty Bumpo knows I am a personal acquaintance.

LYTTON BULWER.

Brooklyn, July 17, 1876.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

What I wrote last week about the educational exhibit referred only to that part which is to be seen in the main building. Pennsylvania has a separate building in which her pride is more evident, perhaps, than anywhere else. All kinds of institutions of learning, charitable, public and private, are somehow represented. "My dear sir," and one of the guards runs up with a piece of paper with raised letters for blind readers, "won't you take this? And notice all this work here was done by the blind," pointing to an alcove crowded with brooms, mats, brushes, furniture, etc. "That there was done by idiots and the feeble-minded," pointing to needle-work, drawings and things of that kind. Farther on is an old time school room, with its relics of other days—rude, rough desks, quaint old text books, a box stove, and the veritable old oaken bucket in the corner with the squash shell used for dipper. Here, too, is that time-honored threshing machine, the heavy strap of leather used to encourage the youth of other days in the ways of wisdom and uprightness. The ill-fitted stove pipe has apparently helped to cover the room with smoke, while the spattered ink on the walls adds to the general dinginess, which was an essential in the old-fashioned education mill.

But that dinner which we postponed last week, must be attended to now. You may go to the French restaurant and get your two dollar lunch, if you please, but places which answer rural tastes rather better are the plain but substantial Dairy or the old little New England Kitchen. At the Dairy, with its two large yet crowded lunch rooms, there is no hope of our being served this half hour. You may shout at the waiter to your heart's content. Perhaps she will answer that she cannot take forty thousand orders at once, and perhaps she will not answer at all. But this waiting and this feeling of uncertainty gives a special relish to the bowl of bread and milk when it comes. You pay fifteen cents for that. At the New England kitchen you pay half a dollar, and a lady of uncertain age graciously raises the rod she holds and allows you to enter. You have a course of pork and beans to which you help yourself from the great baking pan standing on the table. Then you may have corn bread and milk or crackers from Boston. Of course one has to wind up with pumpkin pie. The attendants with their thanksgiving-day frills and ruffles stand over you and urge you to take more, as if, indeed, you had actually stepped into a Puritan home.

We are now ready to return to the central concourse of the main building. Around this stand where we are sitting four great nations meet. To the southwest is the great case of imperial porcelain from Berlin. On the corner just north of this is the silver carving of El-kinton, London, a royal artist. Next is a stand devoted to bronze art, contributed by Marchand, Paris. Tiffany and Gorham & Co., of New York finish the circle with a magnificent display of solid silver. The German porcelain ware is covered with striking designs—old country landscapes, cupids and female figures. Only one sacred subject, however, did I see in the whole collection, a great contrast to the French, who have hardly anything else. This, too, was not a Christ, but Aaron and Hur upholding the hands of Moses in prayer. Among the French exhibits there are innumerable figures of the Crucified usually represented as hanging upon the cross with skull and cross-bones beneath. These figures are of all materials, ivory, wax, bronze, silver and gold, and the prices are equally varied. An ivory image eighteen inches long is marked \$300. Rosaries are hanging in the same case, at all prices from \$2 upwards.

There are several representations of Christ as taken down from the cross, terrible with wounds. Some of these are wax figures and are life size. There was in all the same expression of more than human suffering. A more pleasing exhibition is the group of figures worshipping the Christ in the stable. The child was sleeping peacefully on a bed of straw and the watchful parents leaned over it just far enough to allow one to see the mule eating from the manger behind. "This is where the Jesus was born," said some one by my side, with a marked French accent; "what was the name of that place?" "Bethlehem." "No! now I remember—Nazareth. Didn't you know he was a Nazarene? But who is this black apostle?" pointing to one of the worshipping figures. He turned away with a look of ineffable contempt, when some one learnedly suggested that perhaps the Ethiopian was not an apostle at all, but only one of the wise men come to do homage.

Over the grand entrance at the north is the gallery where has been placed the Roosevelt organ. This instrument is forty-one feet high, with three banks of keys, five octaves, forty-six stops, blown by a hydraulic engine and cost \$20,000. Suspended above the main aisle and in the distant tower, are two echo organs connected with this by insulated cables. The bellows of these organs are blown by an electric engine, while the player sits before the keys of the great organ. Grand as this organ, the performers thus far have seemed inferior to those who have tested the great organ, which stands in the east gallery of the nave of this same building. This latter instrument was built in Boston, has 2,704 pipes, forty-seven stops, four manuals of 58 notes each, and a bewildering variety of registers, pedal movements and what-not which the polite and reiterated explanations of the exhibitor cannot make me comprehend in the least. Either one of these organs may be entered, and, by

means of stairways and passages running in different directions, every part may be inspected as one would examine the interior of a house.

Of course the full tones of these instruments are entirely lost in this great building or come to us if we stand near them very much like whispered music, if there be such a thing. The other day, however, there seemed to come a hush over all, as a violent thunder storm burst over the grounds. The rumbling of thunder, the patter of rain upon thousands of window panes, and the mellow tones of the organ seemed to bring a feeling almost of awe upon the multitude. Then the marine band with its forty-eight pieces came in and added rich music to the weird feast until it seemed as if the solemnity of a worshipping assembly had fallen upon the silent groups of listeners. In that pelting storm more than ever did the place seem like a dream from the Arabian Nights, so unreal that every moment one expected to see it fade away into air and disappear. It was, indeed an hour which cannot be forgotten.

N. E. P.

Philadelphia, Aug. 5, 1876.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

The Days of the Exposition half numbered—Old Probs opposed to Ballooning—Italy, Norway and Sweden—A few general reflections—A picture of childish simplicity—What amuses the turnstile keepers.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 7, 1876.

Time rolls rapidly by. I think I remarked something about the way tempus fugitis in one of my first letters from here and it fugitis just as speedily now, if not more so. One-half of the allotted days for keeping open the Exposition have already gone by and still there are several people scattered around loose in different sections of the country who have not seen the show. Indeed of the forty millions of people, less than three millions have paid their respects, so that a revision of the estimates at this time would involve a reduction, probably placing the total at nearer eight than three millions. Thursday was to have been a gala day on the grounds, Prof. King's first balloon ascension having been announced to take place that day. But the monstrous airship didn't go up. Old Probs interposed some trifling objection, which discouraged the Professor, and the unusually large concourse of people—over 37,000—which had gathered to see the unwieldy vessel start upon its venturesome voyage, were disappointed. It seems that this Probs has queer ways with himself anyhow. For four long weeks the earth and every living thing therein were parched and dried up with weather so hot that beefsteak would fry in the sun; and now there is a fair prospect of four weeks of drizzle, while fall overcoats come out to take the evening air. It's a pity the weather clock couldn't keep his equilibrium. The balloon at this writing still waits his pleasure.

Returning to the exhibits of foreign countries, the space occupied by Italy comes in the same neighborhood with those already referred to. This exhibit is large and embraces the most artistic as well as the most practical departments of industry. Two large tables in *papier mache*, one representing the Cathedral at Milan, and the other that of Venice, are fine specimens of workmanship. An Episcopal chair and desk are carved in the most artistic manner with representations of scriptural scenes. Many articles of furniture, including bedsteads, mirror frames, tables and cabinets, are exquisitely carved, one of the last named having heads of Dante, Michael Angelo, and Alferi in relief. The display of jewelry, gold and silver filigree, mosaics and cameos, commands, perhaps, the greatest attention of anything in the entire building. One necklace of rubies and diamonds set in silver is valued at \$30,000; other tiaras and ornaments for the hair range from \$10,000 to \$1,500. An exquisite set, consisting of breastpin and earrings, each being the representation of a bird with spreading wings formed of diamonds, rubies and sapphires, is one of the most unique in the collection. The mosaics, cameos and coral jewelry are of the rarest workmanship. A large assortment of conch jewelry is also shown. There is an extensive exhibition of bronzes. A large bell, manufactured in Venice, most delicately chased and of peculiarly sweet tone, which has already taken several medals, has been purchased by the Italian church in this city. There is a dental exhibit which for completeness equals if it does not surpass any similar display. Teeth in every form, and cases showing the various stages of growth and decay, are exhibited, while explanatory charts furnish full and complete information. Cloths, boots and shoes, Leghorn straw in hats, bonnets and every kind of millinery device, and articles of domestic utility, are included. The manufacture of musical instruments and musical literature have also good representations.

Passing from sunny Italy the visitor next reaches the frigid clime of Norway. This collection is enclosed by a high framework of light-colored wood arched in front, at the apex of which the flags of Norway are tastefully arranged. In the centre of the space is a complete representation of the apparatus used in the manufacture of cod-liver oil, which is one of the chief exports of that country, while long tubes and numerous bottles filled with that liquid are grouped around it. Some good specimens of carved wood and household furniture are shown, and there is a fine collection of glassware. There are curious Norwegian carriages, specimens of metal manufacture, an extensive collection of fur rugs, robes of every description, hats and gloves, fabrics of cotton, woolen and hemp, soaps and perfumes, numerous native arms and antique relics.

Geographical harmony is preserved by placing the exhibit of Sweden adjoining

that of Norway. Great care and attention have been taken to make this space attractive, the arches over the entrance being hung with blue velvet bordered with gold fringe, and the arrangement of the different exhibits showing excellent taste. In front is a fine display of porcelain tableware of the most delicate tints and with beautiful floral ornamentation. A massive porcelain chimney-piece of an opal-blue color flanked by two tall candelabra excites wonder and admiration. In the rear of the space are tall columns of Bessemer steel from the Motula, Sandock, and Fageta works. All kinds of tools and implements of hardware, such as files, saws, rasps, chisels, &c., also scissors, knives, skates, and swords are shown, and specimens of iron and steel manufacture from the smallest wire to the largest boiler-plate, are displayed. A column formed of brass rods stands in about the centre of the space. There are also cloth and woolen goods, a large array of block-tin, cooking utensils and safety matches. Perhaps the greatest attention is paid to the groups representing various scenes in domestic life, the figures being so natural and life-like that the visitor almost expects to hear them speak. There are several of these groups which need to be seen to be appreciated. One series portrays in three scenes the story of two lines from the stem-parents' reluctant assent to their betrothal to the death-bed of their first-born is eloquent and comprehensive.

Among the remaining foreign exhibits of sufficient prominence to deserve special mention are Russia and Brazil. Then there are some separate exhibits of the different states and territories, which cannot justly be omitted. From the territorial displays, particularly, most people may obtain points of great interest. These will be taken up shortly. So far I have entirely neglected Art Hall, both because I hesitate to undertake a review which must necessarily be somewhat in the nature of criticism and because I wanted more time to study its different phases. But its turn will come. This department is not confined wholly to the beautiful. There are some things very amusing and some that are open volumes in themselves. Among the statuary I noticed the figure of a little girl holding a bird and pinching up the flesh on her chest to make a breast from which she attempts to suckle the pet, as she has often seen a mother nurse her babe. It is a pleasant representation of childish simplicity.

Many incidents might be noted to show that the turnstile-keepers have a capital opportunity to study character. These gentlemen would not, however, have half as much fun as they now enjoy were it not for the dumb but effective assistance rendered them by the odd arrangements at the entrance. These have been minutely described, but there are people who might see those turnstiles, telegraphic-registering apparatus and all, taken apart and put together again a dozen times, without becoming a whit less innocent of their construction and purpose than before. A delicate matron, of some three hundred pounds weight, presented herself for admission recently, and after a bit of ingenious engineering by the stile-man, he managed to assist her through by having her move side-wise. Her only thanks were that "that cursed machine wouldn't let an eel slip through it." Shortly afterward there arrived a maiden of forty-eight summers, wearing green spectacles and carrying an umbrella. She eyed the turnstile with a half-sarcastic look and outstretched neck. Evidently it bothered her. She sounded it and tested its moving facility by prodding it with her umbrella. Finally, having paid her fee, she served herself to the awful feat of rushing spitefully through the concern, apparently anxious to do it all possible damage.

NORTH VOLNEY.

During the season, now so rapidly passing away to be remembered as having the most peculiar climatic record of this century, we have noticed with feelings of admiration the frequency and beauty of that electric phenomenon familiarly called sheet lightning. This phenomenon, the magnificent displays of which have occurred quite frequently of late, has never yet been accounted for satisfactorily. We know that there is no grander or more sublime sight than the play of this summer lightning along the horizon, unaccompanied by thunder, and the whole sky illuminated by its flickering flash. Last month there was a display of this kind of lightning on our northern horizon, which surpassed in grandeur and beauty anything of the kind we have ever seen.

Last Monday evening F. W. Squires, Esq., delivered an address at this place before the Young People's Christian Association. His theme was "In Union there is Strength." He went back 240 years to the time this country was in its infancy, until it had increased in population to over forty millions. For over fourteen minutes he held the vast audience spellbound, as it were, under his "great oratorical powers."

EVEN.

North Volney, Aug. 7, 1876.

—Our scissors fellow suggests that it is *fugit tempus*—fly time. Do you see?

—The various committees having the charge of the semi-centennial celebration of our Academy, are working hard and doing their best to make it a success.

—Rev. E. B. Cooper will preach in the Universalist church in this village, on Sunday next at 2 p. m., and at Texas church in the evening.

—We understand that Mr. Holmes of Cazenovia, has been engaged to teach in the higher department in No. 8. He comes to us well recommended.

—Hon. R. H. Tyler, of this village, has been tendered, and, we understand, will accept an invitation to speak at the semi-centennial anniversary of Mexico Academy this month.—*Fulton Patriot*.

Mrs. Trude's Harp.

Anyone knowing Mrs. Trude, of Detroit, knows her as a motherly, kind-hearted matron, who would rather stand all the expense of a Sunday School excursion than not see the children enjoy themselves. No one, not even her husband, suspected her of romance or sentiment, but all of a sudden, about a month ago, she ceased her husband to buy her a harp. He is a very practical man—one who splits his own wood and uses his own lawn-mower—and in his amazement he inquired:

A harp! A harp! What is it, some new fangled brush to wash windows with or some attachment to a sewing machine? She made him understand and remember that a harp is a musical instrument, constructed to be thumbed on and to give out such soft, tender, quivering notes of joy and grief that fish-peddle's driving by the house would stop to brush away a tear of regret that they hadn't cut off heads and tails before selling their fish by the pound.

The husband is also good-hearted, and after considering the subject in all its bearings, he ordered a harp sent to the house, and was called the best old husband on earth for his goodness. A harp is either wild and weird, or soft and melting. Mrs. Trude soon discovered this. She sat by the open window, tucked up her sleeves, and rolling up her eyes she started out to play, "My Heart is Sad Tonight."

There is an old curmudgeon living across the street. He had been lying on the sofa for two hours, trying to hide his nose from the flies while he got a nap. The strains of a harp brought him on end and made his nerves rattle. As they continued to strain he grew mad, poked his head out of the window, and looking this way and that, called out:

"See here, you brainless young rascal, don't you know more than to be pushing a lawn-mower around in the middle of a hot day?"

Mrs. Trude heard him, and she stood the little harp in the corner to wait till another day. She played "My Heart is Sad Tonight," and played it well, and it wasn't likely that the old curmudgeon was yelling at her.

The next day the harp was brought to play "Down by the Sea Shore." There was a base ball match on a vacant lot behind the house, and as the harp struck up the captain of the club ordered the game suspended to let the boys go over and see the dog-fight. When they climbed upon the fence and saw Mrs. Trude at the window, and no dogs in view, the captain called out:

"Your dog is being chased up under the house by the wildcat!"

She didn't have any dog. She let the curtain fall, put the harp away, and the last notes of "Down by the Sea Shore" quivered around the house for a spell and then floated out to nestle in the maples to scare cats until they looked cross-eyed.

Mrs. Trude didn't do much on the sad harp until yesterday morning, when, seeing all her neighbors go off on an excursion, she threw open all the doors and played the good old ballad entitled "The Love I Had for Nancy." The notes were soft and beautiful, and the thumb on her right hand was in such good order that she started to play it over again.

She was filling the room with delicious melody when a mean-looking old man ascended the step, scraped and bowed, and blandly said:

"Scuse me, ma'am, but I think a pig has got fastened in the alley, ain't it? Sumthin' taking on the awfulest kind, ma'am."

She went into the back yard to see. There was no pig in the fence—no cats across the clothes-line—no boy up a sour cherry tree with cholera morbus under his vest. She returned and pushed the harp under the bed in the parlor bedroom, and when Trude came up to dinner and said he'd like to hear something soft and tender she answered that he'd better split up some of those old chunks if he didn't want a dinner of flour and coffee grounds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

We find the following in the *Brooklyn Daily Times*, of June 26th: "The Deaf-mutes' Hayes and Wheeler Campaign Club will be addressed at 71 Skillman avenue this evening by its Secretary, Mr. William A. Bond, who will expound the Cincinnati platform and elucidate the merits of the candidates. Mr. Bond is a graduate of the Washington Heights Deaf and Dumb Institution, and he has proved himself the possessor of uncommon ability and force of character, by his incessant efforts to elevate the unfortunate class to which he belongs. He has acquired an extraordinary degree of influence among the deaf-mutes, and is Secretary of the Manhattan Association of Deaf-mutes and the Sunnyside Social Club, of Brooklyn. Mr. Bond is also the regular correspondent of the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, and a frequent contributor to other papers, while in at least two important trials his services have been called into requisition as interpreter." Since the organization of the Hayes and Wheeler Campaign Club by Mr. Bond, he has received a letter from Gov. Hayes, congratulating him upon his labors.

—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal, Mexico.*

When you go to the Centennial be sure you take your dog along and enter him for the dog show. A free pass is furnished every exhibitor.

WALKING WITH GOD.—The difficulty which most people have in religion is to bring the thought of God in their daily lives. His very greatness makes it hard to connect Him with homely, every-day matters. We get some sense of Him in church, or in the prayer-meeting, or in rare hours of exalted feeling. But when we go into the busy world, where most of our life is spent, God fades away into heaven that is farther off than the blue sky above our heads. This is a great loss to us. It is neglect on our part of our highest opportunities. God walks with us, in closest nearness, at every moment. There is in Him, if we could learn to take it, a provision of helpfulness, of sympathy, of sufficiency, for every step in the whole round of our daily life. The very things that seem insignificant and without spiritual meaning, are set round us by God as part of our education. And if we habitually recognize His presence in them all, the incidents of business and our household care and daily walk would become threads of gold, holding us in the sweetest, noblest friendship with our heavenly Father.

In a rural district of Forfarshire, in Scotland, a young plowman went courting on a Saturday night. A preliminary interview with the object of his affections passed off successfully, and in due time he found himself seated with her by the fireside of the farmer's kitchen. This was John's first appearance in that character, and as he and the girl had had little previous acquaintance, he found himself at a loss for something to say, in order to begin a conversation from which he expected so much pleasure. In vain he racked his brains for some interesting topic, but he could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion. Not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat on in silent despair. The girl herself was equally silent; she no doubt remembered the teaching of the old Scotch song, "Men must be the first to speak," and she sat patiently regarding him with devious surprise. At last Johnny suddenly exclaimed:

"Jenny, there's a feather on your apron."

"I wadna ha'e wonderd if there had been twa," replied Jenny, "for I've been sittin' aside a goose a' night."

A fussy little wife, who habitually annoyed her husband by trifling and unnecessary orders to him when she was about to go visiting, was somewhat impressed by the same treatment from himself. He had just passed out of the house, and halting at the garden gate, he chorused:

"Polly, come here!"

Thinking he was about to communicate something of importance, she hastened out and presently stood at his side. "Well, what is it," she asked.

With a grave face he said:

"Polly, should it rain while I am absent you may—Well, don't try to stop it. Let it rain."

He then hurried off, followed by her slipper.

John Hancock—the John—was only thirty-nine years old when he signed the Declaration of Independence, and the average age of the signers was about forty-five. The oldest member was Benjamin Franklin, seventy, and Thomas Lynch, Jr., and Edward Rutledge (both of South Carolina) were only twenty-seven. Two of the signers were born in England, two in Ireland, two in Scotland, one in Wales, and the rest in the colonies.

If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers should she mention? No Spectator, no Observer, but as many Times as you please.

A Centennial Sunday-school meeting will be held in the hall or school-house, at Hastings, next Sunday evening, commencing at half-past 7 o'clock. The exercises will consist of an address, singing, &c. It is suggested that the room be decorated with flowers and flags. The presence of both parents and children is much desired.

—Mrs. C. D. Snell now drives the best rig in town, and apparently enjoys it very much.

—AM trains on the Oswego and Rome railroad stop at the crossing near Pleasant Point.

—A Reclabite Tent has been established in this village. J. A. Rickard is Chief Ruler.

—Central New York Fair commences at Utica on the 15th of September next.

—The Sandy Creek, Richland, Orwell and Boylston Agricultural Society will hold its annual fair on the 13th, 14th and 15th of September.

—Among the representatives to the Hayes and Wheeler convention, held by the colored men in Syracuse last Thursday, was William Hall, of this village.

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Personal.

Dr. Bradbury has returned from visiting his parents in Chenango county much improved in health.

Mr. Hiram Parkhurst and family, of Gloversville, are here visiting Mr. Samuel Smith.

Mr. Andrew Johnson, of Wilmington, Illinois, has been visiting his friends in town.

Walter M. Brown, of Albany, has been in town a few days.

Mrs. J. M. Wilson, of Webster City, Iowa, is visiting her brother, Mr. C. P. Whipple, in this village.

We notice that Mr. Paul Allen, of Oswego, has been in town for a few days.

J. M. Hood, of the firm of B. S. Stone & Co., left town last week for an eastern trip, and will visit Philadelphia before he returns.

Mr. D. W. C. Peck, wife and daughter returned from the west last week, much benefited by the trip. Mrs. Peck in particular, is feeling much better.

Mr. C. E. Havens returned from his trip last Tuesday evening, and looks the better for his visit.

We are glad to see Mr. G. H. Howard out again.

Jessie Brown started for Hartford, Conn., last Tuesday, where he will work in a machine shop. He is very industrious and ingenious, and we hope he will do well.

Base Ball.

On Thursday last, July 27th, the Ontario B. B. C., of this place, played their third game of ball with the "Beebe nine," of this place. The "Beebe nine" played well and proved themselves sure catchers and accurate throwers, never getting excited, but were cool, even though the weather was quite warm. The playing of Beebe and Hosmer was noticeable on that of the "Beebe nine," and Rider, Webb and McKay on that of the Ontarios. The Ontarios held the "Beebe nine" on the eight innings to a score of 23 and 3. On account of a wild throw from the Ontarios the "Beebe nine" gained two scores and two more were allowed to score, which made the score 23 to 7, and in the Ontario's last innings they scored 4, which made the score 27 for Ontario's, 7 for Beebe's.

CHANGE OF TRAINS.—Going East.—N. Y. Express, 8:42 A. M.; Niagara Falls Express, 2:15 P. M.; Atlantic Express, 5:40 P. M. Going West.—Accommodation, 6:50 A. M.; Northern Express, 12:44 P. M.; Express, 3:30 P. M.; Express, 7:42 P. M. Union Square—Going North.—Express, 4:58 A. M.; Express, 2:17 P. M.; Express, 6:35 P. M.; Accommodation, 10:12 A. M. Going South.—Express, 9:24 A. M.; Express, 12:47 P. M.; Express, 6:35 P. M.; Accommodation, 5:32 P. M.

Union Temperance Meeting.

Rev. A. Parks Burgess preached to a union congregation in the Presbyterian church, last Sunday, upon temperance. He chose for his text a part of the 21st verse of the 21st chapter of Ezekiel—"The parting of the ways." Mr. Burgess spoke of the seeming slight difference between the right and the wrong paths at first, and how they steadily diverge as they are prolonged, and the end of each.

His address was intended principally for the young people, but was interesting and instructive to older people as well. It was very practical, abounding in sound argument and apt illustrations.

Letter from Kansas.

Mr. Editor:—I have received numerous inquiries in regard to the Distribution advertised in your paper during the past few weeks by the Kansas Land and Immigrant Association. To save time and the trouble of answering each in detail, I desire to say to all interested, that the association is chartered by authority of the State of Kansas, for the purpose of promoting immigration to the State, and that, in furtherance of this object, proposes to distribute, by lot, to its patrons prizes amounting to the princely sum of \$770,800. They will have two drawings. In the Main, or Grand Drawing, they will award 2,664 prizes, ranging from \$50 up to \$75,000 each. In the Special Drawing they will award 100,000 prizes, ranging from \$1.00 up to \$10,000 each. The Special drawing is designed as commissions for agents and the tickets are given free to those who make up clubs or purchase two or more Shares in the Main Drawing.

The price of Shares or Tickets in the Main Drawing is \$5.00 each. For \$10.00 they will send two tickets in the Main Drawing and one ticket free in the Special Drawing. All persons investing \$10, and securing three chances, will secure at least one prize, as there are no blanks in the Special Drawing.

The Board of Managers were selected from among the most prominent men of the State, and have the confidence and support of all classes of our citizens. They have all been more or less connected with the public affairs of the State, and their character and standing in the community is a sufficient guaranty that the distribution will be fairly and impartially made. I can state most positively that the drawing will take place at the time stated—August 25th. The *Kansas Immigrant*, giving full particulars of the Enterprise, its objects and purposes, with endorsements and references of the highest character, and information regarding the State of Kansas, will be sent free to all who may desire it.

All remittances for shares, or letters of inquiry, addressed to the undersigned, will receive prompt attention.

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35-6

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Pork, 5 barrel, retail, \$21
Pork 5 cwt., \$6 1/2 @ 87
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Potatoes, 5 bush, 50
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DR. JAS ANDREW MILNE, SURGEON.

Office, No. 213 West First Street, OSWEGO. Office hours, 9.00 to 11.00 A. M. and from 4.00 to 7.30 P. M.

An appointment for any other hour can be secured by making the request by letter. 16

REAL HAIR SWITCHES Also Madam Foy's patent Corset Skirt Supporter Mexico, May 19, 1876.

H. H. DOBSON, Dentist.

Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain all ways on hand. All work warranted and at the lowest living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.

WEBB & COON, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, AND PROCTORS IN LAW, EQUITY and ADMIRALTY.

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J. A. RICKARD, Dealer in all kinds of Furniture, South Jefferson Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of T. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Morris S. Kimball, late of the town of Volney, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his residence, in said town, on or before the twenty-second day of November, 1876, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated May 22, 1876.

MRS. M. S. KIMBALL, Administratrix.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.

Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor alcohol, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, MASS.

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